

# RESTORATION



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No. 6.

## Want Ex-Seminarians For Lay Apostolates

By Catherine De Hueck

A letter has crystalized a series of thoughts that have been going through my head for months, thoughts concerning the young men who have gone into Seminaries but discovered that the priesthood was not their vocation, and so had to face once more the question of their true vocation, and their re-adjustment to a world they thought they had left behind forever.

Little interest seems to be shown these young people. Yet theirs is one of the greatest problems to be solved today. Consider the impact of the discovery. True, every young man goes to a seminary with the full knowledge that it is a "trying-out place," that he may not make the grade, that for a thousand and one valid reasons he will find out that he hasn't the call, the vocation. But it is all very well, to know, intellectually, that this is so, and to be ready more or less to face it. It is an entirely different thing to be confronted with the actual fact.

### Leaving Hurts

First and foremost it hurts. For the dream was so high, the hope so tender, the desire so great. All of the youth is involved in this shock, this hurt. His soul. His heart. His mind. And his emotions. The more so that, notwithstanding our enlightening age, from some jansenistic or heretical past that left a deep mark on the mores of Catholics, friends and families are apt to consider him "a spoiled priest," and be foolishly hurt in their pride.

Next comes the tremendous effort to face once more the choice of a vocation. And don't be fooled. That effort is almost superhuman. For whatever "next choice" presents itself, it appears, especially at first, so far below the one that did not materialize that it becomes hard to contemplate logically and intelligently.

The seminary has put its unmistakable stamp on the young man. It HAS separated him from the world of everyday life. It has lifted him up into the high altitudes of special and holy sciences, like philosophy and theology. It has shaped his days in recollection and prayer, offering him the fullness of the immensely rich spiritual fare given in an environment and atmosphere especially created for it; offering, also, the advice and guidance of holy men designated to just this task, and equipped with the time and the knowledge to do it well.

### Apart From World

The seminary too, in preparing him for a life "apart" from the world has begun to condition him for his forthcoming high state. That imprint is often ineradicable. And it will be, for a long time if not for life, a handicap of sorts to the young

man who so eagerly received it.

Upon his coming out of the seminary, he will have to make readjustments that are hard to make for mature and adult minds, let alone for an emotionally disturbed young and immature one.

In the natural order too, his training, sometimes for many years, has little value in the markets of the world. And the question of earning a living presents at once deep problems.

All these things have troubled me. The letter, therefore, brought me great joy, for it offers a solution.

Bob Roddy, the author of the letter, a Minneapolis resident, suggests the organization of FOSTER FATHERS TO EX-SEMINARIANS. A brilliant idea! Now to its execution and set-up. That is the main part of all ideas, implementing them into the reality of living.

The main point to bear in mind is the way of contacting the young men who leave the seminary. Obviously, since each will belong to a parish upon his return to the world, the Foster Fathers should be organized on a parochial basis. But because contacting is so important, there also should be a Diocesan and a National Organization, whose main job should be liaison with all the seminaries, diocesan and religious, in a given country, and the spreading of information thus gathered to parochial levels, where the actual contacts should be made.

### Work Of Love

Obviously the work of the Foster Fathers is one of love, and charity. Therefore only men who understand the demands of love, and know its infinite hunger for service and sacrifice, should undertake this apostolate.

Of course the ideal Foster Father would be himself an ex-seminarian who has solved his problems satisfactorily, who has adjusted himself, to his new vocation. But it also may be anyone of good will. However, for both a modicum of training in this form of apostolate should be a must.

Training for what? — one could ask. Training in spirituality first, for such a work can be undertaken only for one's sanctification, and so must be based on a definite pattern of knowledge that leads to a constantly growing love of God.

Such knowledge would

## STTIMOTHY & ST PAUL



embrace a life of prayer, of liturgical living, of definite priestly directions. But also the Foster Fathers must become experts in vocational guidance, know where to send the young men who come to them, know also whom to send where. They must also provide counsel and advice as to schooling, and have — at their finger tips — jobs, placements, etc., etc.

Also they must have, or acquire, a knowledge of the Lay Apostolates of Catholic Action. And this is my idea, for I have always considered that especially the organized groups such as Friendship House and the Catholic Worker and others that are multiplying so fast are natural "in-between" places for the ex-seminarian to find himself. Foster Fathers should make a survey of all these Lay Apostolate groups, and be ready to act as go-betweens.

### The Lay Apostolate

The reasons why such organized Lay Apostolic groups are good for the type of readjustment that the young men must make, is that they are living the same principles the seminarians have been taught so carefully, yet are living them in the world, in fact in its very market place.

Thus the ex-seminarian has, as it were, a visual, and integrated lesson of what he must do. And that lesson, or these lessons, are given to him by his own age group, in a day-by-day living which is of course an invaluable help to his readjustment.

Thinking specifically of Friendship House, both in the U.S.A. and Canada, but especially here at Madonna House, Combermere, I should say that ex-seminarians could be easily assimilated, if they came, or were sent by Foster Fathers, for any period from three months to a year, as Visiting Volunteers. Thus, while giving them all the privileges of sharing the life of our staff workers, would, at the same time, present no obli-

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## A Missionary Writes From Some Red Hell

Through the goodness of a dear friend, the editors of Restoration, have come upon an exciting and absorbing batch of letters written by a missionary who, if he is still alive, is somewhere in the most wretched part of the world.

We have been given permission to print these letters in full, but have been requested not to reveal the name of the missionary, nor to be anywhere near specific as to the country in which he resides—or should we say the country in which he resided?

For all we know this priest may now be one of the white-clad martyrs close to the throne of God.

We are printing, in this issue, the first of these letters. If you do not see any datelines, nor any signature, nor any real names of cities or of people, do not wonder too much. And do not let anyone — even yourself — tell you these letters are not genuine. They are.

This one is written to a fellow priest somewhere in the United States. We leave out the salutation and let the rest of it run "as is," with only the minimum of editing.

### This Is The Letter

Do you remember that Tornado I told you about last month? Well, it finally hit me — hit me on Jan. 5 and 6, and hit me hard. It's too early to assay all the damage done, but it surely hit hard. Tovarish is taking nationwide measures to force the Triple Self program on us, and they're really sweeping measures. All church money and property have, for all practical purposes, been confiscated. True to Communist traditions, "confiscated" wasn't the term used, but that's what it is, and quinine by any other name would be just as bitter.

I don't know how it worked out in detail in Ah and other places, but yesterday I received a letter from the Chinese priest in Oh, the city above me on the river. He was pushed into a little room attached to the school, where his cook formerly slept. There he must eat, sleep, celebrate Mass, work and pray. He had to "register" everything he had, down to the last handkerchief and grain of rice. The local municipal government took over the rest of the mission: the church, priest's house, and school, and turned it into a city hall. The Communion rail and altars were promptly torn out of the church, which is now the city government's office building, and a red star supplants the cross. Fr. B. would be particularly interested in this news.

### Good Word — Moscovels

On the same day here about ten Tovarishes came and called a big meeting of all our school teachers, servants, school kids, and a number of Christians. Three big-shot Tovarishes gave speeches, almost identical in thought and language, in

which they explained to all at great length just what a dirty imperialist and low-down heel I am. They ended their speeches by turning to me and saying with ugly moscovels: "From now on, you cannot preach, manage affairs, or handle money; from now on the Church belongs to the Chinese people." I have a Chinese priest here with me, but they're not rushing to put things into his hands. Their immediate goal, quite evidently, is the establishment of a schismatic church. To date, about twenty Chinese priests and one diocesan administrator, all in X Province, have walked into Tovarish's embrace; willfully or ignorantly, I will not presume to judge. The pretext for this latest grab and squeeze is the Vatican's "close connections" with America, which is now China's "deadly enemy."

So far we've managed to keep a precarious hold on the church and priest's house here, but practically everything except the clothes on our backs is locked up under Tovarish's seal. He gave us a few measures of rice and vegetable oil from our supply before he sealed it, but when that is gone, will he give us more? Or will the ravens have to take over? My typewriter was locked up under seal until yesterday, when our mayor came to inspect the seals and I caught him offguard in a gloating, expansive mood, and with a little Uriah Heep act I managed to induce him to release the thing from hock. In the process I managed to get my hand into the cabinet and sneak out a brand new ribbon, my last, which I had been hoarding like a treasure 'til the day in which the battered old one had actually disappeared, shred by shred. But it seems certain that the typewriter will soon be Tovarish's own, and why hand him an untapped ribbon with the machine, since the old ribbon, I'm sure, is a bad strain on your eyes?

### We Ain't Got Funds

Perhaps things are a little better in XA, (I've had no news so far), but it's certain that all our funds are frozen and that we will not be able to use any of our money without the government's permission. Sometimes the over-eager boys in the country districts move a bit too fast. They sometimes

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## WHERE LOVE IS — GOD IS

If only we took a few minutes of time just to sit and think a few things out we would have more peace and the way ahead would be much clearer.

As it is, modern man, Catholics included, resembles the proverbial squirrel in a cage. Round and round he goes, feverishly, from business to pleasure, and back to business. ACTION is the watchword of today. What are we going to DO? Few ever ask themselves, or their friends, the all important question . . . WHAT ARE WE GOING TO BE?

Yet therein lies the answer to peace of mind, happiness of heart, and the ineffable joy of knowing where one is going and why. For man has been made first TO BE BEFORE GOD . . . THEN TO DO FOR GOD.

To be before God means to remember who God is. To render Him therefore the adoration and love that are His dues from us, His creatures. It means remembering our last end, and fulfilling the obligations of a prayer life that will lead us there. It means knowing that we are an empty cup that daily must be filled by God, and going to Him to have the cup filled.

Then work, recreation, and rest will fall into their proper places, and what we do, we will do for God.

Eat, sleep, and whatsoever you do—do for the Glory of God, says St. Paul. We will, if we keep straight the two things that go into the service of the Lord . . . THE BEING BEFORE GOD AND THE DOING FOR GOD.

But these are not easy for restless modern men, for those who have wandered so far, far away, from the truths and ways of God. Fortunately they can start easily enough, by turning to a creature like unto themselves, a woman who will lead them along the royal road to God — her Son.

For she is Herself . . . that royal road. Mary, the Mother of God, has made this century Her own. Mediatrix of all graces! Queen of all hearts! A human being who clothed God with our flesh! She knows all the answers. And she stands ready — nay she is eager — to give them to all who turn to her.

The woman who spent her time on earth cloaked in silence, is speaking to us today, from the shrines of Lourdes, Fatima, and many other places.

If only we took time out to listen, and to ponder her words, ours would be a century of peace, ours would be lives of joy. But we don't. We go about harrassed and worried by wars and rumors of wars, facing eternally the twilight of our own making, when, for the lifting up of our faces and hearts, we could have the vision of God and His peace!

This is the month of May, the month of Mary, Mother of God and men. Why not take this month off from worry, and fears; from shallow amusements and useless recreations? Why not begin a journey inward to the Immaculate Heart of Mary, to learn from her the secret of the King, her Son . . . the secret that would change our lives, and with them that of the world . . . the secret of infinite charity, of God's peace, and Mary's joy . . . the secret and art of BEING AND DOING BEFORE AND FOR GOD? This will bring the great tranquility of God's order into our frightened, weary, hearts and lives.

This is the acceptable time. This is the month of Mary. Let us try and see. It is so easy.

## FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

by Eddie Doherty

It was only a few weeks ago that I watched the last of the river ice dashing itself to pieces on the shore, with a music that reminded me of the shining prisms of an emperor's chandelier frightened by a vagrant Spring wind climbing through the palace windows.

It was only a few weeks ago that I stood leaning against a tree, watching a baby red squirrel venture out onto a swaying limb. His eyes, I thought, were bright as the new buds on the maple trees, and his tail, curved like a question mark, had all the grace and life and glory of a banner.

The Month of Mary

It was only a few weeks ago I saw the first sprigs of green that had shouldered their way up through the snow-soaked soil to glorify the Lord and brighten the earth with the beauty of wild flowers.

And suddenly it is May!

It is May, the month of the Virgin-Mother, the Immaculate, the Empress of heaven and earth, the Lady without stain, the delight of mankind, the glory of the angels.

It is May and a letter mimeographed last March, when the snow still lay heavy on the land, lies on my desk awaiting some sort of answer, a letter as fascinating in its way, as the tinkling ice, the baby squirrels, and the newly risen shoots I saw but a few weeks ago.

It is a letter, but it is entitled, "The Catholic Pen," and subtitled, "the bulletin of the Guild of Catholic Writers; Patron, St. Francis de Sales."

It is also marked Vol. 1, No. 1 — so it is the very first effusion of this new band of writers, among whom are listed: Mr. Russel Fox, honorary president; Alfred DeManche, president; Miss Rita Houlahan, secretary-treasurer; Miss Kathleen Houlahan, Bulletin editor; and Miss Catherine Badour, associate editor.

The address? The bulletin doesn't say. But Mr. DeManche lives at 266 Garden Ave., Toronto.

A Budding Guild

I take it these are young people; for they say—"a few of us have had the exhilarating experience of seeing our brain children scampering around in print, but the majority of the members of our budding Guild are still working and hoping toward that end; so do not be hesitant about submitting your work."

It seems these young people, bless them, want to help other writers! They ask the privilege of giving advice about manuscripts.

"Mr. John Fulton, well known reviewer of books, heads a committee of three, who will undertake the work of going over manuscripts" — writers "allow a brief criticism of their work to be published in the monthly bulletin under their own names, or under their initials — which would foster a spirit of friendliness between members living at far-flung distances from one another, and acquaint them with difficulties they were mutually encountering."

I do not see any effort on the part of this young aggregation to gather the shekels while they may. There is no talk of fees, nor of dues; although I suppose some sort

of financial arrangement exists, or is in the future to be created.

All they want, apparently, is—as they put it themselves — "to infuse into the writing of Catholic authors the spiritual reflections of their Faith."

May the new Guild grow and prosper like the squirrels; and may it store up as many treasures!



The Mass And Mary

There is nothing I desire more than to see Catholic writers multiplied by the thousands, and to see them all successful. There is nothing I desire more than to have thousands and thousands of Catholic writers writing about Mary and the Mass.

I have a friend who wishes he were younger, "and not so unworthy," in order that he might give himself, "heart, mind, soul, and body," to the founding of a religious order that would preach the Mass and the Blessed Virgin.

He has in mind "those millions who have very little appreciation either of the Mass, or of the Blessed Virgin Mary." And he thinks some of these lost and bewildered millions would listen "enraptured," to an inspired young preacher."

The love there is for all of us in the Mass, and in the Mother of God! If a priest could show that — or even hint at it — so could a writer.

If a priest can inflame millions of people with the love of God and His blessed Mother—so can a writer.

Increase And Multiply

How I hope and pray that the new Guild grows and grows and grows, that it may produce great writers, great Catholics, great saints.

It is a beautiful idea, this of forming a writers' guild. But first, before you have Catholic writers, Mr. Fox, Mr. deManche, Miss Badour, the Misses Houlahan, and all you other "buds," you must have writers. You realize that, I hope.

Writers! Aye, there's the rub! And writers must work hard if they would become great writers. Writing is the hardest kind of work there is. A writer who is really a writer, and really a Catholic — shall I break your hearts (Continued on Page Four)

## The B's Corner

Monsignor Ligutti, at a recent National Rural Life Conference, gave an address entitled . . . CHRIST TO THE COUNTRY . . . THE COUNTRY TO CHRIST.

It is a catching title, an easy title to weave a speech around, or to write an article about. But he did not fall for any sentimentality, any idealization of the country life, which this title would easily lend itself to. He took it earnestly and austere, presenting his hearers with the kernel of this tremendous motto.

It is indeed high time for Catholics, at least, to rid themselves of the sweet, post-card, chromium-lithograph, conception of rural life. Yes the beauties of nature, even if seen from a swiftly-moving car, are entrancing. But poverty against such beauty is even more obscene than the same poverty against the ugliness of harsh city streets.

Country Needs Christ

CHRIST TO THE COUNTRY . . . Monsignor says . . . means Christ's redemption — Christ's graces — Christ's teachings, Christ's elevating SOCIAL DOCTRINES MUST BE BROUGHT TO THE COUNTRY.

CHRIST TO THE COUNTRY . . . must first of all mean a realization, an admission and a fulfillment of a deep natural truth. The land is God's greatest material gift to mankind. It is the fundamental source of fibre, food, and fuel. The right use of such an elemental source of life and development is essential for human welfare. THEREFORE ALL HUMAN BEINGS POSSESS A DIRECT NATURAL RIGHT TO HAVE ACCESS TO CREATED NATURAL RESOURCES. God's intention in creation is to enable MAN TO LIVE WITH DIGNITY IN ACCORD WITH HIS NOBLE NATURE AND DESTINY, AND TO BE A USEFUL MEMBER OF SOCIETY . . . ANYTHING SHORT OF THIS IS MOCKERY AND A HOLLOW CLAIM TO CHRISTIANITY !!!

CHRIST TO THE COUNTRY . . . Means a better diet for rural people. It means a share in educational opportunities. A chance to develop God's given gifts, amid the rural surroundings. Songs and feast days. Harvest dances arising from the very work of the people. A CHRISTIAN RURAL CULTURE. Enlightenment, neither abjectly SUPERSTITIOUS, nor yet sophisticated and, so, meaningless.

CHRIST TO THE COUNTRY . . . means a decent reward for the work of the farmer or renter — a commensurate return for his investment, for his risks, for his labor. A FAIR PRICE TO THE PRODUCER WILL NEVER BE AN UNFAIR PRICE TO THE CITY CONSUMER.

How Not To Bring Him

Christ will never be brought back to the country in dilapidated trucks, underpaid labor, overworked families living in constant fear and insecurity. CHRIST IN THE COUNTRY MUST BE REAL, AND NOT FICTITIOUS. HE MUST NOT BE MOUTHED IN PIOUS PLATITUDES ASKING THE POOR AND FORLORN TO BE PATIENT, OR BIDDING THEM TO WORK, AND OBEY BECAUSE SUCH IS

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## COMBERMERE

By Catherine Doherty

Living in the country means a lot of manual labor. Yet there is about this a great sense of peace and fitness. The tiredness that comes with it is a healthy one. I love to repeat the words of Prime, as I go about my work . . . **THE WORKS OF OUR HANDS BLESS THOU, OH LORD.**

Spring seems far away here, where even in April the earth was still covered with snow. Yet there is already much to be done about its coming. Louis Stoeckles, our wonderful volunteer, has been cleaning and oiling all the outdoor tools. Spades look clean, shiny, and ready for work. Rakes have haloes. And the axes are very sharp.

### Wood Is Amazing

Wood has been our main work. It is amazing what there is to be done with wood when one's furnace, kitchen range, and fire-place are all wood-consuming. Local men go far out into the bush, cut big trees and trim them. Using a power saw, they cut them to ordered lengths. Then they split them, load them on trucks or sleighs, bring them to our house, and dump them in huge, awkward, sweet-smelling mounds.

It is up to us to stack the pieces neatly in the woodshed. But our shed is too small to hold all the wood we need—some eighty cords a year. So the neat stacks dot the landscape. Yet there is about them a beauty all their own. Tidily made, they bespeak of order and cleanliness, and a job well and lovingly done.

All through the long hard winter, wood must be split fine, and brought in, in big armfuls, to the library, the kitchen, and the basement. A job and a half, if you ask me, especially on blizzard days. But Louis manages always with a smile.

The beauty and warmth of a wood fire! It has no equal anywhere.

Spring cleaning. Flew paints the rooms that need repainting. And so many do, because of the oil lamps, which leave an oily black scum on the ceilings and walls. Rita scrubs and washes. And all the rest of us help where and how we can. For poverty's greatest adornment is cleanliness.

I was thinking the other day how important it is for youth to learn to dust well, scrub well, wash dishes well, and dry them 'til they shine, and leave the kitchen immaculate of an evening when all the meals are done.

### Must Have Order

For how can we lay apostles, dedicated to the restoration of the world to Christ, hope to bring the great tran-

quility of HIS ORDER into the world if we cannot, or will not, be tidy and orderly around the house, and about ourselves?

Somehow, the older I get, the further-on I want to begin. With a great desire I desire to give youth the discipline of little things, that are so demandingly monotonous. It is in their school that our will, will be formed strong and straight to meet the great emergencies of the apostolate.

I wish I could organize, here at Madonna House, a school of little things, small jobs, humble manual labor well done. Then from there on—once youth learned this—no BIG things would ever faze them.

Seed catalogues have been my reading lately. The youths that comes to our Summer School have good appetites. True, we have some meat in the freezer, and we have potatoes in the cellar—many bags of them donated by local farmers because of my nursing, and out of their hearts' goodness. We have 35 apple trees that we planted four years ago and which should start bearing this year. We have four bee hives, so we hope for honey. But greens of all kinds are a "must" for the table; and they must be grown. So I peruse constantly the catalogues—hoping against hope someday to grow the enormous radishes, the tall long beans, and the immense pumpkins they show.

### Must Have Help

We hope for volunteers, male and female, interested in working our big kitchen gardens. We have three gardens. And we need people to look after the flower garden, which we started in order to supply our little white church with flowers through the summer.

Now is the time, for such volunteers.

Cleaning tools. Spring-cleaning the fifteen room St. Joseph's house and our six room Madonna House, and three cottages. Installing a tent, 14 x 14. Building a tool shed. Preparing the gardens. Seeding and tending them. Weeding them. Looking after bees, and some fifty chickens, and two new pigs. That's just a part of our work these days.

There is also all that goes into making ready to receive some 200 people—or about 20 to 25 a week—for our Summer School of Catholic Action; planning the curriculum, the whole program for six weeks, and organizing the personnel to run it smoothly.

Yes there is much manual and mental work involved. I like the manual work best. But I beg God's blessing on both.

## OF THIS AND THAT...

By Catherine Doherty

The Graymoor News Service has informed all its clients that at long last the motherhouse of the Franciscan Friars of the Atonement is releasing the life of Father Paul of Graymoor. I have not yet seen the book. But I know it will be great reading, for the man will make the book. Geniuses and giants in God always do. And Father Paul was both.

At times it seems to me that I too could write a book about him. And that is true, I am certain, of thousands of other people, organizations, and religious Orders.

For how can one book exhaust CHARITY, WHOSE OTHER NAME IS LOVE? Father Paul was a FIRE OF CHARITY, A TORCH OF LOVE that lighted this dark world to its farthest corners.

### Her Heart Ached

Were he living, he would be one of the foremost exponents of the sublime doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ. I remember a trip we made together from Garrison to New York City, in the days when no one talked much of the Mystical Body of Christ. Father Paul was explaining to me the oneness of all men in God. I sat spell-bound, the spiritual vista that was opening before me was so dazlingly beautiful that my heart ached.

We of Friendship House will read that book with joy. Were it not for Father Paul, there never would have been a Friendship House. It was he who encouraged me to keep going when the going was toughest. It was he who poured thousands of dollars, through the years, into our work, factually supporting the first foundation in Canada for many months. It was Graymoor that, opening its doors wide to me and our Staff whenever the going was well-nigh impossible, soothed, healed, fed, consoled and strengthened us.

It was Father Paul, who almost a hundred years ahead of his time, showed me the principles and the ways of true Catholic Action. The things he spoke of are forever enshrined in my heart. Much of it will come into being many years hence . . . for his was a prophetic vision.

The book will be a great joy to us, and should be to all men . . . for it gives us the life of a saint (this, of course, is only my opinion, humbly expressed). Be sure to buy it and to read it. It is the saga of another St. Francis come to the U.S.A.

### About Other Books, Etc.

Looking for out of print books? For books hard to get? For historical antiques in the book line? Write to Mr. Joseph Garnier, Pinehurst, North Carolina. He will get them for you, if they exist.

June, is just around the corner . . . and so are, Deo gratias, countless marriages. Are you looking for a wedding gift for your beloved young couple? Are you wondering what to give for an engagement party? Cease to worry. Get Rev. Father Christopher M. Kelly's latest masterpiece, and I mean just that. **THE CATHOLIC BOOK OF MARRIAGE**, published by Farrar Straus & Young, N.Y., \$2.75.

It comes in a beautiful blue or white binding. It is prayer-book size. It begins

with an explanation of the rite of matrimony, and is followed by the actual marriage service, together with the special prayers to be said for bride and groom during the nuptial Mass.

It goes on answering a thousand questions that often puzzle Catholics, clarifying too the official Catholic position on many marital problems. In addition it gives special advice on marriage itself, children, and all the problems that young (and not so young) married couples have to face. It is also a book for couples who have been married for years.

### Restoring The Home

Father does not neglect the vast spiritual field that is the foundation, center, and apex of married life. It will help Catholics to make their wedded life really Christocentric, and will go a long way to restore the world, by first restoring the home to Christ.

A better present cannot be found.

St. Basil's College, Stamford, Connecticut, publishes a lovely little magazine, called KYREX. A postcard to Michael Fedorovitch, at the above address, will bring you all the details about it.

While I am on the matter of magazines, books, and the like, I would like to put in a plug for one of our own. I know that many people in the U.S.A. have been wondering where I disappeared to, for I have not been seen in any of the U.S.A. Friendship Houses for a long time, nor have I been contributing any articles to the CATHOLIC INTERRACIALIST, our F.H. paper in the United States.

Well, the matter is really very simple. I have not "deserted" F.H., U.S.A.; nor have I severed all connections with the Lay Apostolate of Catholic Action, Friendship House style. I have simply gone on, tumbleweed that I am, tumbling on.

I have come to Canada at the invitation of the bishop of this diocese, and started a new Friendship House Province in Canada. Madonna House, Combermere, Ont., is our first foundation. Soon we hope to have a second branch. In Canada our apostolate is dedicated to the rural cause. And we publish from here this paper, RESTORATION, which gives, we hope an over-all picture of the Lay Apostolate.

### If She Is Wise?

But, does a good mother ever "desert" her children? NO. But if she is wise, she knows that when the children grow up, they will be on their own. They have to be. It is the law of nature and of God.

My spiritual children of U.S.A. Friendship Houses have reached the spiritual maturity needed to take over the apostolate, and it will do them good to do so. Only if they do this, will they grow in wisdom and grace. I have left the foundations to them to water and till and cultivate with the blessing of God and their sacrifices. I, whose vocation, it seems, definitely is to "begin again," have come to Canada to found this new province, and work in this new vineyard of the Lord until such time as the spiritual children He sends me to nurture and train are capable of taking it over.

Then, if the Lord gives me life, and I have the needed permission, I hope to arise . . . leaving all things, even the Friendship House which is my greatest love . . . and,

taking up my Cross, once more disappear into the masses, there to lead a life of prayer and utter poverty. This, though, is but a dream, dreamt in God . . . and left in His Sacred Heart, and Mary's.

All of which is far away from what I started to say. **THE CATHOLIC INTERRACIALIST** deserves your support. It brings to you the remedy against the heinous sin of racism. And who is not guilty of it? Through the Catholic Interracialist is dedicated especially to the restoration of Interracial Justice for the Negro, the principles it enunciates, are applicable to all discriminations . . . against the Jews, the foreigners . . . the people who are different in any way from the dominant majority.

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## Free, 1,000 Pictures Of Our Lady of Confidence

As a result of a recent article, we have been blessed with more than a thousand copies of the picture of Our Lady of Confidence. You can have one, simply by writing and asking for it. Send no money.

The Poor Clares in Chicago, and various individual sisters, have sent us these pictures; and several writers have supplied more details of the devotion to Our Lady of Confidence.

It began, they say, with the tender love of Sister Clare Isabella Fornari, a Poor Clare, in a convent at Tadi, Italy, who died many years ago and is now a candidate for beatification. She called the picture "Refuge of Sinners." She painted many copies of it and gave them away. Some of them are said to have wrought miracles.

Today the devotion is acquiring new impetus. Thousands and thousands of pictures are being demanded by the faithful—and new wonders are being talked about.

You remember how confidently Our Lady acted at the marriage feast of Cana. She said first to her Son, "they have no wine." Her divine Son didn't say he would work any miracles, but His mother turned to the steward and bade him do whatever her Son might direct.

"My Mother, my Confidence!"

Never was it known that anyone who fled to her protection, sought her aid, or begged her intercession, was left unaided.

"It is only natural for Sisters to avoid publicity," one nun writes, gently taking Restoration to task for demanding proofs of miraculous happenings or remaining silent about them. "Do not blame them for withholding names. Our loved Mother is honored by this devotion, as she is by all of the many beautiful ones the Church has approved. In this time of unrest it gives one a sense of peace just to say, 'My Mother, my Confidence!'"

## THE FAMILY FRONT





## THE B'S CORNER

(Continued from Page Two)  
THE INEVITABLE LOT OF THE POOR.

CHRIST TO THE COUNTRY . . . means that every tiller of the soil is a creature of God, a noble person, one redeemed by Christ, and destined to an eternity, a man with rights as well as duties. It is in the very use of the land, in its ownership that CHRISTIAN PERSONALITIES are developed. It is not the quality and quantity of agricultural products that COUNT. IT IS THE HUMAN BEINGS THAT ARE ALL IMPORTANT. What does it matter if a fruit be more tasty, a flower more delicate, an animal more shapely, IF IN THE PROCESS OF PRODUCING THESE GOOD THINGS, MAN IS DEBASED AND NOT DEVELOPED INTO A BETTER HUMAN BEING?

I repeat; it is in the very use of land, and its ownership, and in its tillage, that Christian personalities are developed.

I AM MAKING A PLEA FOR BETTER RELIGIOUS CARE OF RURAL PEOPLE, FOR BETTER LEADERSHIP . . . BUT THAT IS NOT ENOUGH — I MEAN CHRIST TO THE COUNTRY in its full significance.

The Christian Way

CHRIST TO THE COUNTRY . . . AND THE COUNTRY TO CHRIST. There is a Christian way of looking at the soil. I must not call it just Christian, for it is the natural way; hence, Christian to the core. Long before Christianity came into being, the earth was called MOTHER EARTH. Cicero said, "Of all the occupations by which a living is made, none is better than agriculture, none more delightful, none more becoming to the dignity of man."

Soil and souls, tillage and civilization go hand-in-hand. The countryside, the land itself, forms the background of our spiritual and social development. We say "THE COUNTRY TO CHRIST," and mean there is A CHRISTIAN WAY OF LOOKING AT AND DEALING WITH GOD'S GREATEST MATERIAL GIFT TO MANKIND.

We are stewards. Land is a very special kind of property. Ownership of the land does not give ABSOLUTE RIGHT to use and abuse, nor is it devoid of social responsibilities. IN FACT IT IS A STEWARDSHIP. It implies such land tenure and use as enables the possessor to DEVELOP HIS PERSONALITY, MAINTAIN A DECENT STANDARD OF LIVING FOR HIS FAMILY, AND FULFILL HIS SOCIAL OBLIGATIONS.

At the same time the land steward has a duty to enrich the soil he tills and to hand it down to future generations AS A THANK OFFERING TO GOD, THE GIVER, and as a loving inheritance to his children's children.

Thus spoke Monsignor Ligutti, recently, under the title of CHRIST TO THE COUNTRY. All those who labor in the Rural Apostolate of Catholic Action will thank him for this address. For their hearts are heavy, and their spirits often downcast, at the tremendous work to be done in our modern rural areas.

Indeed the harvest of souls in the country is ripe, but how few the trained, understanding, selfless leaders and harvesters! Let us hope that God the Father of Whom Christ said, "MY FATHER IS A HUSBAND-MAN," will deign to increase the laborers, and the realization for the need of them.

## A MISSIONARY WRITES

(Continued from Page One)

jump before the ball is snapped and occasionally they are called back and given a light slap on the wrist for being off-side, but they're not called back because they were going in the wrong direction. They know very well where the goal-posts are.

I'm going to make Fr. W procurator, if he can get permission from the ogpu boys to move to XA. With a Chinese Father running our bank account, it's just possible that we'll be able to use some of it. Anyway, we have to try all angles. I intend to hold this letter 'til W passes through here on his way to XA (if he's able to go) and have him mail it there. Certain people around here are paying too much attention to me these days. I hope you'll pardon the lack of formality on the envelope. It was dropped so that it would not attract attention.

Another Tornado

Your letter of Dec. 30th arrived yesterday. I deeply appreciate the kindness that prompted you to send that letter and what it contained, but with this latest development I couldn't move even on orders from the Holy Father himself. Tovarisch won't let me move: another of the pleasant "consistencies" of Commieland. Tovarisch doesn't want me around and still he won't let me go. Perhaps when this matter of taking over church property is finished, he will change his mind. Furthermore, I see another tornado in the making. Perhaps this one will sweep me out of here.

I'm sending you the latest in pug-ugliness (my picture). I had to have it taken on Christmas Eve, for I had to hand ten prints to Tovarisch the next day. For one hour on Christmas Eve, and for two solid hours on Christmas, I was grilled by the ogpu boys. I was insulted more in that one hour Christmas Eve than in all the forty-one years that preceded it. Christmas Eve and Christmas! It was like throwing a sliced lemon into

a pitcher of cream.

Everything that happens convinces me more that we couldn't have done things any better in our diocese two years ago. Tell those who are moping and pining for missionary work here to snap out of it and gratefully use the freedom they enjoy in America to spread the knowledge and love of God. The country they knew no longer exists; the country that exists they definitely wouldn't like. Please keep us in your prayers.

Yours in Christ, our Lord.

And Another One

Dear Sis: Just as I finished the enclosed letter, I received word that Fr. W has a little difficulty with Tovarisch over his mission. And now I don't know whether I should wait for him or take a chance on our post office (he did the latter). If I had a coin (?), I'd flip it. Did you notice that the enclosed copy of my letter is not a carbon copy? My carbon paper is still locked up and under seal . . . I surely won't be able to write at will in the future, for each time I'll have to ask Tovarisch to release some of my money to buy stamps, and if he puts a limit to what I can eat, he'll surely put a limit to the letters I can write. The day he came to seal things up, I had stamps for two letters in my desk drawer. When I saw what was happening, I quickly whisked them out and hid them. But after I have these two letters on their way, I'll be a philatelic pauper . . . Your brother.

## Among The Lonely Hills

W. C. Dwyer

(We left Pat and his neighbor Mike, at Pat's garden gate, when last we wrote.)

The sun is setting now in a blaze of glory. A hush falls on the valley. There's a murmur of intimate conversation, coming from the farmers at the gate.

"I tell you Pat," said Mike, "the Missus and I find the time long — there isn't any use trying to hide it — we're broken-hearted and lonely since our girl Nora went away to the city."

"The cry with her, all the time, was that she wanted to earn money for clothing. We always thought she was well dressed, and told her so, but lately I have changed my mind, and I am now ready to admit that I was wrong."

Bedad, That's So

"Young girls nowadays, always want to look their best, even when mopping the floor or milking the cows. I can't say I blame them. We might have been more considerate and given Nora extra money, from time to time, with which to fuss herself, as she desired . . . But she's gone now, for keeps, swallowed up in the big city."

Isn't it strange how a seemingly unimportant thing can change the whole course of a person's life?"

"It is hard, I know," said Pat. "But you are no worse off than I am, with my oldest boy cavorting through foreign skies, in the Air Force."

"But is it blind you are or just playing dumb, to get a rise out of your old friend? It is as plain as the big nose on your face, why your daughter went away to the city."

"Nora and Jim were in love! For a long time I thought he was contracting St. Vitus Dance or something. He used to be so fidgety, and in such a hurry to do up the chores in the evening, so as to be able to get away early . . . I tricked him into an explanation of his case of fidgets."

"The May moon was shining one night when I cornered the lad as he came home through the orchard. Heh! Heh! Heh! I'll always remember how startled he looked, when I, (with a sheep-skin draped over my shoulders) appeared from behind an apple tree."

"He told me then of his love for Nora, and his desire to marry. I gave him all the encouragement I could. I offered him our other farm with money sufficient to give him a good start—Then the war broke out and Jim joined the Air Force."

"Nora went to the city, I presume, to soothe the ache in her heart and to wait. I hope she does not wait in vain."

God Made It

After clearing the frog that suddenly came into his throat Pat went on: "This world is good and beautiful, Mike, because God had the making of it. If there are shadows, and things are going wrong here, man has himself to blame for it. Our days are darkened now with grief and anxiety, but let us hope for better times in God's good time."

"Amen to that," said Mike. "But in the meantime we have a consarned lot of work to do, before we complete our part in setting things in order and chasing the shadows."

"You're right there," broke in Pat. "When my gully-jumper, or whatever it is they call these pilots, comes back to earth, and when your daughter sees through the sham of city life, are they going to return to a way of living that they consider useless and futile?"

"Certainly not," replied Mike. "And I'm a duck-billed ant-eater if I continue on either, as I have been doing! There must be a change. This community, as well as most others — I mean the older people in it — has let the younger people down, has offered them a corpse dressed up in a pious-looking, Christian, wooden kimona!"

"What has this Christian

Co-operative Movement — which I hear so much about — what has it to offer by way of restoring life to its full vigor?" Pat asked. "I'll meet you at your house next Friday night, to talk about it." "You're welcome," said Mike. "And a good night to ye."

## FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

(Continued from Page Two)

and tell you such a one is rare? Not today. Not on this lovely May day. Not in this month of our gloriously reigning Queen. When I look around me, in this five acre Eden, I see miracles everywhere. Get me those thousands and thousands of Catholic writers. Get me those fervent men and women singing of Our Lady and the Mass. Get me the apostles of the pen who can make the world God's own if they try. You can do it. God will help you. And so will His lovely mother.

Miracles? Poof! What are miracles to Our Lady?

## WANT EX-SEMINARIANS

(Continued from Page One)

gations or responsibilities, and thus leave the youths free, after a set time, to return to the world, ready to meet it, face on.

Naturally the organization of Foster Fathers would have to have priestly directions at all levels. For this apostolate is predominantly the delicate one of dealing with souls, and chosen souls at that.

Funds will have to be raised, for financial help is of course often of primary importance in this type of work.

This is just a hasty little outline of what, to me, seems to be one of the greatest needs of our days. For a well-adjusted, balanced, and settled ex-seminarian should be one of the greatest factors in the RESTORATION OF THE WORLD TO CHRIST, which is the avowed goal of the Church in this century.

Any comments from our readers, especially ex-seminarians, are most welcome.

FIRE!!  
HELP!!

One of the greatest tragedies that can befall human beings in the country happened to the family of Mr. and Mrs. John Peplinski of Combermere. THEY WERE BURNED OUT COMPLETELY. Eight children and the father and mother were left homeless and ruined. The young mother almost perished in the flames, trying to rescue a few precious possessions. This was all the more serious, because she was expecting, within a few weeks, the birth of another child.

So once more we come to you, dear friends, for help. You have the names, and the address above. This is the list of URGENTLY needed articles: BEDDING OF ALL KINDS, GARDEN TOOLS, TOWELS, CLOTHES, A SEWING MACHINE (Treadle type), CUTLERY, CHINA, SAD IRONS, KITCHEN UTENSILS, SEALERS AND CROCKS, and the thousand "little things" every woman knows are so needed in a household . . . buttons, thread, needles. — THANK YOU.

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